

## Always Something Doing

Who watched for me in other days  
When I came home late at night?  
Who met me at the kitchen door  
And asked, "Why weren't you in be-  
fore?"

My mother.

Who took me from my mother's hand  
And laid it on to beat the band,  
And sent me to my little bed  
And left me there all night un-  
fled.

My father.

Who told them both what I had done  
And lied about me till he'd won  
The graces of my parents' stern,  
While I still felt the switch's burn?

My brother.

Who watched for me when up I grew  
And said, "Dear, I have longed for you,"  
And then with guile my fancy led  
Up to the day when we would wed?

My sweetheart.

Who lays for me, now all is o'er,  
And gives me cold men's, scant and poor?  
Who asks me where was I last night  
And makes herself a hideous sight?

My friend.

—Frank H. Brooks.

## The Prudence of Edward

BY MAUD STANWELL

A terraced garden, with a glimpse of the sea through arching trees; a time-worn dial marking the sunny hours of a summer afternoon; and a man and a girl in low chairs—these are things that make for sentiment. But the suggestion made by Edward was not altogether a sentimental one.

"I'm wondering," he said, thoughtfully, "if you would mind being engaged to me."

Claudia's face expressed nothing but vague surprise.

"Only for a time, you know," Edward went on with an easy laugh. "Just for a lark."

"Dear me," said Claudia, weakly, "and why?"

"Well," answered Edward, not without embarrassment, "that's where the great kindness comes in. I want you to agree to play this game with me without asking me reasons. I have a most important and sufficient reason, Claudia, but I am not at liberty to mention it. You would be doing me a great kindness. It would be a real help to me."

"How about Amy?" asked Claudia, who knew all the complications of Edward's affairs, and was aware that he was already secretly engaged to the girl called Amy.

"Amy doesn't mind. She understands a joke as well as anyone."

"It's a little confusing, you know, Edward. First, there's Amy, who is really engaged to you and pretends she isn't, and now there's me, who am not really engaged to you and pretend I am! It's so intricate."

"Then you will do it!" cried Edward joyfully, inferring success.

"I must admit," said Claudia, "it would be fun."

"Fun? I should think so! It will be just splendid; mystifying everyone, and pleasing the old people, and all that. How they will gloat over us! It's such a suitable engagement, eh, Claudia? They'll say they always expected it."

So hand in hand they stood, sheepish and silent, before Edward's Aunt Emma and Claudia's Cousin Mary, who gave one glance at them and clasped ecstatic hands.

"How delighted," they said simultaneously, "how delighted dear Alicia will be!"

A slight look of discomfort mixed with Edward's smiles.

"Will she?" he cried. "I wonder why?"

And Claudia knew instantly that he was perfectly aware of the cause of his Aunt Alicia's pleasure.

The scenes that followed, the archness of the old ladies, the storkings



"Then you will do it!" cried Edward joyfully.

of the cheek and pattings of the hand, gave Claudia so much entertainment that she threw herself into the game with as keen a zest as Edward could wish. In after years she expressed surprise that her complexion had not suffered permanently from the unremitting blushes of those days. As Edward foresaw, everyone had expected the announcement for months. It was charming, it was suitable, it was inevitable, exclaimed aunts and uncles and cousins, and dear Alicia would be so glad. As they all laid stress upon this Claudia became worried by Edward's Aunt Alicia. The old lady herself was ill, and a personal interview with her was not added to Claudia's entertainments, but letters were exchanged. The answering of letters was one of Claudia's greatest difficulties. Spoken congratulations were easy to deal with, but the composition of phrases that should be neat but vague made her position as an imposter unpleasantly plain. "However," she comforted herself, "Edward will soon clear it up, and then we shall all laugh over it together."

And, indeed, as time went on, she began to want comfort. It dawned upon her that it might be harder to get out of the situation than it had been to get into it, and the longer her pseudo-engagement lasted the more thankful she was that it was not a real one. Edward jarred on her and

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made the whole affair distasteful. To a girl who was little more than a child the game had seemed capital fun at first, and she was flattered by the appeal for help, but prolonged familiarity with Edward had destroyed her zeal. She was relieved one day when he confided to her that he was going away to see Amy.

"Say nothing till I come back," he implored.

"That depends," was all she would say.

While he was away his little cousin Joan came to visit Claudia in the terraced garden. The two girls sat in the low chairs near the sun dial, while Claudia reluctantly suffered a catechism concerning her engagement.

Now, Joan had a talent for making revelations, which were sometimes of a mischievous kind, and sometimes by chance had beneficent results. She was herself always unconscious both of the revelation and of its consequences. On this occasion she excelled herself.

"What a lucky thing it is you're going to marry Edward," she said.

"Lucky?" said Claudia, with a secret shudder; "why?"

"Well, I only know this," Joan went on, anxious to justify herself. "About two months ago—just before this dreadful illness of Aunt Alicia began—I myself heard her tell Edward she wouldn't leave him a penny unless he married you. So there!"

Then Joan prattled on gayly about wedding presents and the rent of houses, of becoming hats, and motoring honeymoons. She thought being in love made people dull; they seemed interested in nothing. Suddenly Claudia rose abruptly.

"Come into the house," she said. "I want to write a note to your Aunt Alicia."

"To Aunt Alicia!" exclaimed Joan.

"But, my dear, she's dying!"

"Then there is all the more need for me to lose no time," said Claudia, flippantly.

The note was written and posted, and even Claudia, subdued and a little nervous, steeled herself for an unpleasant interview with Edward, who was expected on the following day.

When he came she was conscious at once of a change in him, a repressed agitation, an excitement that was partly anxiety. He, too, saw a change in her. She was less childish, and anything but genial.

"What's wrong?" he asked.

"This farce of our engagement is over," she said.

To her surprise he acquiesced at once.

"Yes, yes, if you wish it, Claudia."

I don't want you to keep it up a day longer than you like. Shall I tell the people or will you?"

"I have told no one," said Claudia, slowly and significantly, "but your Aunt Alicia."

The smile on Edward's face died suddenly.

"When did you tell her?" he asked, eagerly. "When?"

"I wrote to her last night."

"Then," said Edward, with a sigh of relief, "you were too late. She died early this morning."

And yet, after all, his Aunt Alicia's will gave him a surprise.

"As Edward is going to marry Claudia," the old lady argued to herself, "it won't matter which of them has the money. Claudia is worth six of Edward."

And that is why she left everything she possessed, to Claudia.—Chicago Tribune.

## SMALL PEOPLE ARE POPULAR.

Observant Operatic Star Has Reasoned Matter Out.

"I'm not very big, that's a fact, but if I remember it is the little people that make the world go round."

Toby Claude said it. Toby is a little girl and she is proud of it.

"I'm not quite five feet tall in my my high-heeled shoes and hat," she added, "but I know how much better it is to be small than large. There are many advantages, especially to a woman who follows the musical comedy or operatic line. If you will look over the list of names of those who have won distinction in these lines you will see that I am right in saying that it is the 'little girl' who always forges to the front. For instance, there are Alice Nielsen, Edra Wallace Hopper, Madge Lessing, Della Fox, and Katie Barry. To go from the musical to the legitimate lines, there is not a prominent actress playing to-day, with the possible exception of Mary Shaw, who is not a large woman. Take Julia Marlowe, Clara Bloodgood, Amelia Bingham, Alice Fisher, Maxine Elliott, and, entering the grand opera field, Melba, Nordica, and Calve. But there is one notable exception to this array—Mrs. Fiske.

"The small persons find it easier to get through the world, especially if they have to squeeze through, as some of us do. From any but the plain, matter of fact standpoint, it pays to be small. The world admires small people and always did."

## Family Conversation.

Make sure, in partaking of hospitality, that you are able to discharge the obligations it imposes. Hunt out conversational coin from the crannies of your brain, suggests a writer in the Pittsburgh Gazette. Be ready to give out something when the conductor glances your way.

I know a family in which, from the youngest child to the son in college each member is required to contribute something to general conversation at meal time. They have never been allowed to regard this as a mere stop for stoking the physical engine, to be made as brief as possible. Each treasures up some incident of the day; no one forgets that he has met an old friend, or even watched the trail of the fire patrol and the excitement it aroused. They have become more observant, their sense of humor is sharpened in little street comedies, because of the applause of the family circle. They are always sure of a friendly interest in their individual adventures and misadventures. They all keep in touch with each other's pursuits. Meal times are not dull in that family. The mind, as well as the body, is refreshed.

## The Shadow on the Blind.

Last night I walked among the lamps that gleamed  
And saw a shadow on a window blind.  
A moving shadow; and the picture  
To call some scene to mind.

I looked again; a dark form to and fro  
Sweaved softly as to music full of rest.  
Bent low, bent lower—still I did not know.  
And then, at last, I guessed.

And through the night came all old memories flocking,  
White memories like the snowflakes round me whirling.  
"All's well!" I said; "the mothers still sit rocking  
The cradles of the world!"  
—Will H. Ogilvie in the London Outlook.

## Overworked.

Smith was met one evening with a box of chocolates under one arm, and a big parcel of beefsteak under the other.

"Hello, Smith!" said Brown; "going in for housekeeping? I didn't know you were married."

"I am not—yet."

"What are you doing with that chocolate and meat?"

"Going to see my girl."

"Do you have to furnish the family with meat already?"

"Oh, no; the chocolate is a present for the girl, and the meat is for the dog. I have to square myself with both of them."—Stray Stories.

## Mama Wouldn't Like It.

Worn out by a long series of appalling French exercises, wherein the blunders were as the sands of the sea, a hapless high-school mistress declared her intention of writing to Florence's mother.

Florence looked her teacher in the face. "Ma would be awfully angry," quoth Florence.

"I am afraid she will, but it is my duty to write to her, Florence."

"I don't know," said Florence, doubtfully. "You see, mother always does my French for me."

The teacher is wondering whether she will write.—Stray Stories.

## Dormitory for Girls' College.

Five hundred Dakota women have given \$2,500 toward a new dormitory for the girls of Huron College.

## ON THE GAY RIVIERA

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE

The dead summer is gone; glad February has come and the Riviera has awakened to its wintry life, which is nonetheless more summery than the summer of other lands. This beautiful winter-summer will be half a year long. For the Riviera has only two seasons of the year, the live and the dead—the heavenly and the infernal. Technically the season opened on Jan. 1, but there were happy people who anticipated it by a month, or even longer.

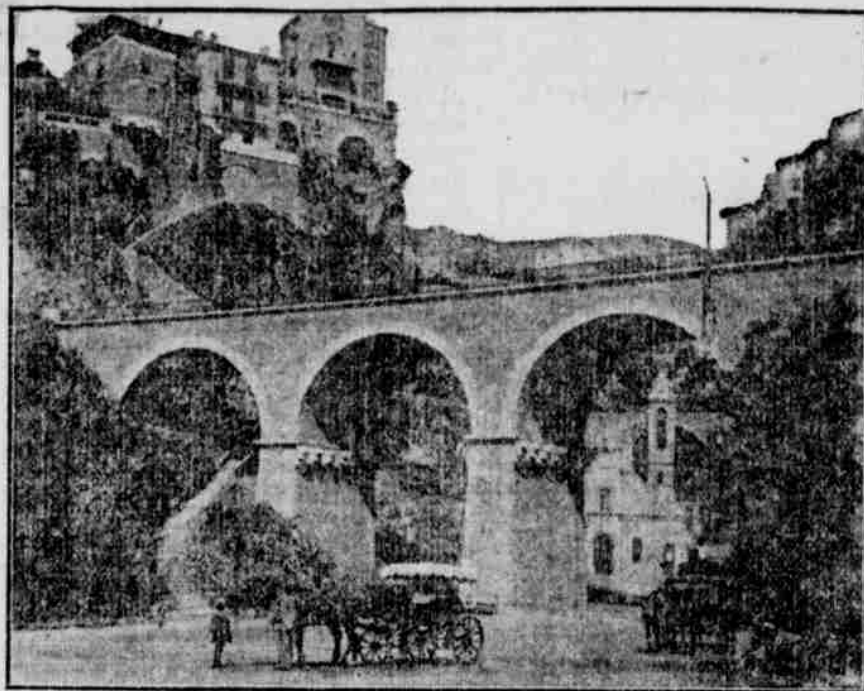
The shops are open again, as after some burning nightmare six months long. I know not, nor can I ascertain, how shopkeepers pass the time between the seasons. Perhaps they also sleep, like hibernating beasts, having first gorged not grubs, but gold. Perhaps they make the grand tour. The

from his rising to his setting, and never stops to think.

In Paris for one night, I dwelt at the bottom of a well, as in the manner of back rooms in Paris hotels. I never knew if the sun were shining until I opened the window and looked up at the patch of sky at the top of the shaft. Here the sheer sunlight has given me an inflamed eye, I do believe.

The sun in my bedroom was so bright this morning that I could not see the flame of my early morning match, never knew it was lighted, and nearly set fire to the bedclothes.

Here the cold bath is a thing to desire, not a duty to be braved; and the air is so balmy that a pensive man may find himself dry before he gets to the towel. It is a small thing, but a joyous, to hang one's clothes in the



Bridge and Chapel.  
Monte Carlo.

shutters have come down, one after one. The postoffice began timorously by opening for an hour or two, morning and afternoon. Now it is open for a long time every day. Meal times are still sacred in this civilized land of France.

The barber's is no longer shut. The picture-postcard shop has furnished great store of blatant weapons for the seasonal fray. When and where the food is bought confounds the traveler, for food shops there seem to be none. The native servant looks after all that, and it is believed that local custom provides him with fitting imbursement in return for his local knowledge.

The big hotels, mausoleums in summer, have cast off their disguise, and are become hotels again. Some energetic man has thrown back the vast army of window shutters; the old tin cans have been removed from the gas jets at the gates.

Extensions have been triumphantly completed after months of dawdling and a frantic rush at the end, as local custom ordains. Lawns have ceased to be caretakers' vegetable plots, and have become lawns of needleblade grass again.

Carriages are again upon the coastal roads. The Riviera hired rig is like a duke's carriage anywhere else. Its horses are a pair of spanking bays, its varnish glistens refulgent. Motor cars return to their wicked ways, hurtle along tortuous roads, thrash the dust from its soft summer bed. That poor dust! It is painful to see, and swallow.

The electric cars from Nice to Monte Carlo are incessantly gliding along the rock-riven road. They brush past olive and aloe and palm, swing round the very turrets of Villefranche,

sun on the balcony railing before putting them on.

I met a man who said he had boiled his shaving water on the window sill, but I cannot say whether he was a truthful man or not.

Paris is cleaner than London, but who could imagine that such cleanliness could be as here in this hotel! In this atmosphere it is impossible for things to get dirty. As is the wall paper, so are the lungs.

Oh, joy to awakened on Sunday morning by the tinkle of the stone mason's chisel.

Whoever would have thought to look out in the flesh upon olive gardens and oranges ripening upon the trees?

Whoever really expected to gaze down upon the blue Mediterranean?

Who would have believed that scent of food could be so luscious as that which ariseth even now from the kitchen?

Ah, what a land!

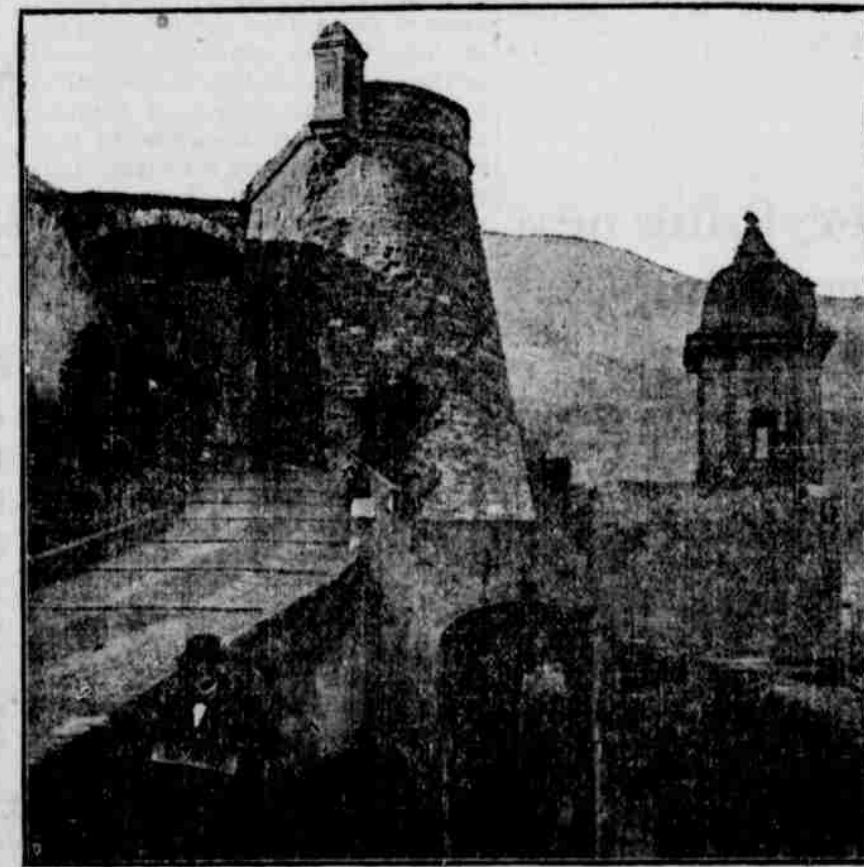
## DECAY OF THE CURTSEY.

Experts Deplore the Rudeness of the Present Age.

"There never was a time when people were more lacking in grace," said a dancing master.

"A hostess nowadays," he added, "crowds her drawing room or ball room with a large number of 'undesirables'—that is, people with no pretense to what is vulgarly called a stylish manner. The hostess is not to blame; circumstances compel her to invite these people. But at one time a hostess paid as much attention to her guests' accomplishments in deportment as to their character before inviting them to her house."

"At a private dance, how seldom one



Old Fortified Entrance.  
(Monaco.)

gaze down up the battleships lying in the green harbor water, scrape the feet of the high mountains, through the pierced nose of Red Cape.

This year's installment of new roads is finished. The local newspapers are bursting with rich column upon column of visitors' lists.

No wonder, for what a land it is! This is the land where the sun shines

sees a girl make a graceful curtsy to her partner! Usually she does no more than nod in a way that looks shockingly familiar. As for the men—well a quarter of a century ago one saw more masculine grace at a clerk's or shop assistant's 'cinderella' than our best bred men are capable of to-day! But, after the example of the girls, who can wonder at it?"

## British Commons "Egg Boiler."

In the British house of commons, as soon as the question to be decided is put from the chair, a clerk at the table sets in motion a huge sand glass, familiarly known to members as the "egg boiler," probably because it takes three minutes to run out. As the last sand runs through the glass the sergeant-at-arms instantly locks the massive oak doors of the chamber, and only those members who have succeeded in getting through the doorway can vote.

## Wrong End of the Bargain.

"It is always well to know which end of a bargain you have," said an Irishman when he first made the acquaintance of a bee. Another case that proves the point was that of the man who bought half of his son-in-law cow. The following morning he went over to get his share of the milk. "Not on your life," responded the son-in-law; "I sold you the front end of that cow."

## Schoolboy's Composition.

Here is a schoolboy's composition: "Winter is the coldest season of the year, because it comes mostly in the winter. In some countries winter comes in the summer, then it isn't so worse, I wish winter came in summer here, then we could go skating barefooted and make snow balls without fingers froze. When it snows in summer they call it rain."

## Cocaine in India.

The natives of India are becoming so much addicted to the use of cocaine that the British authorities are taking measures to restrict the distribution of the drug. The Hindoos chew it in a leaf, mixed with areca nuts and various aromatics. Within a few weeks \$33,000 worth of cocaine was shipped from London to Calcutta.

## No Incumbrances.

"Have you any children?" he asked. "No," replied the beautiful grass widow; their father wanted his people to bring them up, and my lawyer thought it would be foolish of me to fight for possession of them as long as they could have such good care and so many luxuries if I let them go."

## Whales Attain Enormous Age.

Whales have been killed whose age was estimated at 400 years. The method by which they determine this question is the counting the layers of laminae forming what is popularly called "whalebone." These laminae increase yearly, as does the growth of the bark on a tree.

## Island Acts as Magnet.

The island of Bornholm, situated in the Baltic, acts as a huge magnet. It exerts such an influence on the compass that it can cause a vessel to turn perceptibly from its course. The effect of this magnetic island is perceptible at a distance of nine and a half miles.

## Profit in City Ownership.

Street railways owned by English municipalities make handsome profits, which materially reduce local taxes. During the current year, it is estimated, Nottingham will clear \$30,000 from this source. Liverpool \$122,000, Leeds \$200,000 and Manchester \$250,000.

## The Home of the Tiger.

At a recent meeting of the Zoological Society in London Maj. Steward expressed the opinion that tigers are not indigenous to India, but came there from more northern regions. The old Sanskrit language has a name for the lion, but none for the tiger.

## Time to Transplant Trees.

M. Rouault has found that trees may be transplanted in full foliage in May or June, with little or no injury, if the moving is done at night. This has been demonstrated to the entire satisfaction of prominent French horticulturists.

## Pasteboard From Wood.

Pasteboard made of 40 per cent peat fiber and 60 per cent wood shavings is a standard product both in Germany and Sweden, being stronger, lighter and cheaper than pasteboard made in the ordinary way.

## Narrow-Mindedness.

It is not until your relation with others is understood that you can successfully plan your own life. For this reason the narrow-minded person is a failure—in that he shuts himself out from human nature and life.

## Less Sale for Shoemakers' Knives.

Sheffield manufacturers note a great falling off in the demand for shoemakers' knives. They attribute this to the saving in shoe leather made by the public use of the "tram cars."

## Didn't Like His Face.

One Virgile Marry of Paris attacked a stranger with a knife because he considered it "an unfriendly act for a man with such a face to go about the streets."

## Stop Smoking in Church.

The consistory of Lauterbrunnen, Switzerland, has made the announcement that the old custom of smoking in church will no longer be tolerated.

## Bread a Cold Weather Food.

According to English brokers, people eat more bread when the weather is cold than when it is mild.

## Ireland's Bank Holiday.

Ireland has now a bank holiday all to itself—namely, St. Patrick's Day.